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BRIDGEPORT CHRONICLE-UNION.

VOL. XXIX. BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1891. NO. 1,487.

CHRONICLE-UNION.

ALEX. C. FOLGER. ROBT. M. FOLGER.

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1864. 1890.

CHRONICLE-UNION,

THE PIONEER

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WORKING THE INNOCENTS.

A Train Boy Who Was a Mighty Good Judge of Human Nature.

The experienced train boy, says the Chicago Herald, was apparently giving instructions to a youth whom he was breaking in as an assistant.

In the seat directly in front of the two sat Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Kerpunk, of Georgeson's Cross Roads. It was their first trip away from home.

"You can generally tell by their looks," said the peanut boy, oracularly, "whether it's goin' to pay to try to come any little game over 'em or not. See that chap half way between here an' the other end of the car? Well, you could sell that man a dime novel for a dollar and a half and rope him in on the dollar-in-the-box trick just as easy as look at him. You'd be wastin' your time, though, to try and play any tricks on such people as these two in front of us. They're old travelers. No use to show them any thing but what's bang up genuine an' cheap. If you've got any thing that's fresh an' wuth the money, them folks is the kind of customers to take 'em to the first thing. Snide goods won't go down with such customers as them, I tell you. Well, I must work the train now. Remember what I've told you."

"That boy is a mighty good judge of human nature, Jose, isn't he?" said Harrison to his wife, after the experienced peanut boy had gone into the forward car to get his basket. "He thought he wasn't talking loud enough for us to hear, but I've got pretty sharp ears. I heard every blamed word he said. Well, it's a fact, Jose," he added, "it wouldn't be much use to try any of his little tricks on me. I've got my eye teeth all cut. Here he comes. If he's got any thing worth buying he'll come straight to us. You see if he doesn't."

And before the peanut boy was done with Mr. Harrison Kerpunk he had sold him half a dozen prize packages, five boxes of last year's maple caramels, a dozen sour oranges, three twenty-five-cent books for half a dollar each, unloaded his entire stock of moldy figs on him, and cleaned him out of a two dollar bill on an innocent little trick with a pill-box and a gold coin.

"Jose," said Harrison, after he had sat looking out of the window for about five miles, "durned if don't begin to think he said all that to the other boy on purpose for me to hear it!"

A COLD WOMAN'S HAND.

The Queer Case That a Maine Jud Will Have to Decide.

A curious case is shortly to come before the court at Portland, Me., being the trial of a man for the theft of the hand of a woman who had been dead twenty years. The story in connection is a most remarkable one. In 187[illegible] Seaforth, an Englishman engaged in the lumber business, lost his wife, Mrs. Anna Seaforth. This lady [illegible] death-bed made her son promise [illegible] remains beside those of her husband, who is buried in England. [illegible] Hull. For various reasons Mr. Seaforth has never been able to keep the promise until the last spring, when early in May, he had the body exhumed, preparing to take it to England.

It was noticed that the coffin was extraordinarily heavy, and to ascertain the cause it was opened, when it was found that the body had completely turned to stone. Mrs. Seaforth, whose death took place when she was barely forty, was a rarely beautiful woman, with hands particularly symmetrical and small, and it is said that her petrified form seemed an exquisite statue carved in gray marble. Pending his sailing with it, the body was left by Mr. Seafarth in the charge of Lawson, an undertaker. When Mr. Seaforth called for the remains he found that the right hand had been broken off at the wrist and was gone.

He accused Lawson of the theft, and, procuring a search warrant, found the hand in the latter's private desk. The case has attracted a great deal of attention, as it is thought by lawyers to be unique. Lawson will plead guilty to the charge. He says that he wanted the hand as a curiosity and article of vertu, and did not steal it for the ring of gold and pearls on the forefinger.

An Extraordinary Pig.

Dr. Hickman, of Ludlow, Shropshire, England, has a pig in his museum the anatomical structure of which is as extraordinary as it is unaccountable. The minute anatomy is not given, but the external appearances are: One head, two eyes, four ears, eight legs, and two tails. The internal structure is: One tongue, one windpipe, one œsophagus and stomach, one heart, having four sets of circulation; two sorts to supply the body and two to supply the lungs; two livers, four kidneys, two bladders, two spleens, and two sets of intestines.

TURNED TO STONE.

A Strange Story from Claiborne County, Tennessee.

A Big Green Cloud Passes Over the Lick Skillet Country and Petrifies Hogs as Well as a Field of Corn—The Yarn of the Season.

The people in the eastern portion of Claiborne County, Tenn., are excited over a remarkable occurrence which took place there not long ago. It is one of the most marvelous occurrences ever heard of, and it will prove to be a problem over which scientific minds may wrestle for some time to come.

Edgar Ramsey is a farmer who lives five miles from Lick Skillet. He arrived in Middlesboro recently. The story he told would not find believers at first, but since then it has been proven that he has told nothing but the truth. His statement is thus reported by a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat:

"Last Sunday afternoon I noticed what appeared to be a large green-looking cloud coming from a westerly direction toward my house. It was a long distance off, and the rain was falling heavily. Shortly afterward it became very cold, in fact so cold that I went indoors, lit a big fire and put on a big heavy coat. When I came out again the big green cloud was almost over the house, and the air was as cold as on a winter day. The wind howled and the hail fell in stones as big as eggs. All this lasted twenty minutes, and then the sky cleared up and I felt more like myself again.

"An hour after I was sitting with my wife near the fire when I heard a horse galloping at full speed, and when I went out to see who it was there stood Jake Warren, a neighbor farmer who lives about a mile and a quarter from me. He was as pale as a ghost and was trembling all over. It took him over ten minutes to commence to tell me what he had to say, and as he was talking I thought he was crazy.

"He stated that a big green cloud had passed over his place, and that something which looked like balls of fire had fallen all around his house. He had five acres of corn growing in a field next to the house. After the storm had cleared away he went to see what damage had been done. He saw that some corn had been blown down, and, entering the field, he found every stalk turned to stone. There were two fine hogs in the field, and they, too, were petrified and standing there as if cut out of solid rock. Myself and wife thought the man was raving mad, but induced him to remain over till morning, when we promised to visit his place with him. That we did, and what we saw will be remembered as long as both live. There was no corn blown down, but every stalk of it was petrified. It was not as hard as granite, but it appeared to be more like soapstone. I took my knife and cut it, and it became powder. The ears were very hard, and they could not be broken with the hand. The leaves were brittle, and and if you struck them they would break like glass. The hogs were there, too, looking natural enough, but they were as hard as stone."

George E. Henry, of this city, John Rogers, Captain John B. Hull, ex-deputy marshal, and several others rode over the mountains into Tennessee to see for themselves if the things were really there as represented. Captain Hull, ex-United States deputy marshal, makes the following statement:

"We went over this morning. I doubted the story on starting, but thought I'd try it, anyhow. We found Warren's farm about seven miles from the Gap, and there, sure enough, was the corn-field completely petrified. The stalks were somewhat blown down, but they seemed completely turned to stone. The two hogs were there also, and they looked like they were carved out of rock. It was the strangest sight I ever saw and I can't begin to describe the thing. There were a number of men guarding the field with Winchester rifles and they wouldn't let us go into it. They only let us go to the fence. We could touch some of the corn stalks and could see the hogs, but the men refused positively to let us go any further than the fence. The women wouldn't say why they would not let people go into the field, but I presume they were afraid people would break the corn stalks to pieces. There was quite a crowd there looking at the thing, and every one was thoroughly dumfounded with what they saw."

This statement is vouched for by a number of others, and naturally there is considerable excitement.

Bessie Criswell's Heroism.

An extraordinary case of heroism is narrated in the Philadelphia Press. Bessie Criswell, aged fourteen, living three miles from Dauphin, was about to prepare supper last Wednesday when she found the fire in the cook stove very low. She poured coal oil on the kindling wood. It ignited, the can exploded and the burning oil set fire to her clothing and to the house. The girl ran to the spring-house twice while her clothes were blazing, secured a pail of water each time and put out the fire in the house. A third time she went to the spring and dipped her head and neck in the water. Then she ran to a small stream and threw herself in. Having extinguished the flames, she went to her mother, who was milking, and reported the matter. She was fatally burned, however, and died the next day. She sacrificed herself to save her home.

KEMMLER'S BURIAL.

Gruesome Midnight Scene in the Convict Grave-Yard at Auburn.

That portion of Fort Hill Cemetery in Auburn which faces the poorest and most desolate part of the city is known as the "convicts' burying ground," says the New York Sun. Nothing divides it from the costly tombs and towering headstones of marble that mark the space devoted to the righteous dead save a line of ragged, sickly grass that tells where the lawn-mowers stop. The entrance to the God's Acre of the convict dead is on a side street, and is guarded by a pretty cottage in which lives a grave-digger and his wife.

The mystery attending the burial of William Kemmler was only second to the mystery surrounding the preparations for his death. It will be remembered that he was tortured to death by electricity early on the morning of August 6, and that a few hours later the knives of the surgeons were busy cutting the body to pieces. There was some doubt concerning the section of law relating to the burial of the body, and when the watchers about the prison on the night following the execution saw no sign of any funeral it was generally believed that the body had been covered with quick-lime and buried beneath one of the flagstones of the prison yard. Late in the afternoon of the next day the grave-digger in charge of the convict burying ground received orders to have a grave ready for a body at ten o'clock that night. The grave was dug, and when ten o'clock came without bringing the expected body, the grave digger turned the light down low in the sitting-room of his cottage and went to sleep in his working clothes. His wife lay on a bed in front of a window keeping watch on the street, so that she might wake her husband when the body arrived.

Meantime men in charge of what was left of the dead murderer's body had placed it in an express wagon at 9:30 o'clock, and had driven out of the prison gate. There was a knot of men on the sidewalk who immediately showed signs of excitement when the wagon appeared. It was instantly decided that those men were reporters, and the driver of the wagon, in accordance evidently with the orders of Warden Durston to elude the newspaper men, drove around the block and then back into the prison yard. No other attempt was made to dispose of the body until eleven o'clock, when the express wagon again came rattling out, but again there were men on the sidewalk who seemed interested in its movements, and once again the wagon was driven back into the yard, and the big gates closed on it. No other effort was made to bury the body until midnight, when the wagon came dashing out as though the driver was bound to get rid of his burden at all hazards. He drove rapidly up the street, the wagon swaying to and fro and rattling horribly. The grave digger led the way into the gloomy cemetery by the dim light of a lantern. Arriving at the grave he set the lantern at one end of it, and seizing the remains of the murderer pulled them out of the wagon.

It didn't take long to fill up the grave, for the only object to accomplish was to get the body out of sight and stamp the dirt on it.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's Linen.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt gets all her house-linen from Paris, woven and decorated from select patterns submitted by the manufacturers. Her sheets are considerably finer texture than the tablecloth that a $10,000-a-year housekeeper could afford; the drawn work, fringing and edging with which they are finished are models in needle-work. These wonderful pieces of the loom are made with a lap end some sixteen inches deep, to be turned over the edge of the bedclothes as a finish for the spread. Some have an arabesque pattern in open applique, others are embellished with laid embroidery, and some have the monogram in Kensington or drawn work. The sheets for the empire beds are trimmed with a thread-lace flounce or ruffle of open embroidery, and each, when laundered, is folded the size of a handkerchief, tied with colored ribbons, and laid away between sachets of sweet lavender. The pillow-cases, also of the very fruit of the loom, are trimmed at the open end with lace, some of it a hand deep and as lovely in texture as the ruffles of a pictured Marquis, and in one side is the monogram, representing a sort of mosaic in thread and the labor of months.

George Washington Relics.

Mr. Thomas Gresham has left at the Americus Recorder office a couple of relics that have been handed down for 200 years. One was a small hatchet, resembling the one George Washington didn't use, that was given him by his mother, who died sixteen years ago at the age of eighty-six. It was given her by her grandmother when she was quite young. The other is a pint flask that is known to be over one hundred years old, as it has been in his father's family that long. It is a queer-looking, short, round flask, with the face of George Washington blown in the sides. He will now give these relics to his children.

Rather a Slow Town.

An event has happened in Kensington, N. H., which has set the inhabitants wild with excitement. The first house to be built in the place for thirty years is approaching completion, and a grand celebration is expected when the inmates take possession.

SOME SAFE STORIES.

Amusing Incidents Connected with the Safe-Maker's Business.

A Boston safe-maker recently gave to a Courier reporter a few amusing incidents connected with his business. Locks, of course, will sometimes get out of order, and when a business man can not lock his safe, or, worse yet, can not unlock it, he loses no time in sending to headquarters for help.

Not long ago we received a hurried message from one of our customers, whose safe door had suddenly refused so shut far enough to allow the bolts to be thrown. A workman hastened to the establishment, and glancing about the entrance to the safe, noticed a cent resting on one of the bottom flanges. He picked it up, and the door shut and locked without any further trouble. The bill for the workman's time was probably large enough to prevent a repetition of the occurrence.

In another case of the same sort a button from a lady's dress was found by the expert in one of the lower bolt holes.

Some years ago we delivered a new set of vault doors for a bank about two hundred miles away. Just as the bank was ready to go into its new quarters we had a telegram to send a man at once. The bolts of the outer door would not throw far enough to lock it.

Our man started off forthwith, and this is what he found: The bank officers had fitted a board flooring into the vestibule of the vault, but had omitted to bore holes in it to allow for the throw of the bolts. An auger and ten minutes' work set every thing right, but they made that piece of board a rather expensive luxury.

Our morning mail brought a letter from a man three hundred miles from Boston. His safe could not be opened, and he was in a distressing plight. Would we send an expert at once?

Our man picked up his kit, took the next train, and arrived at the customer's office the next morning. The safe proved to be an old-fashioned one, with a large key-lock.

"There," said the owner, "there is the safe. The lock has been working harder and harder for weeks, and now I am locked out. I must have some of my documents immediately. Never mind the damage, but break into it in short order."

The expert tried the key, but it refused to work. Then he took a small wire and picked out half a thimbleful of dirt and lint. He tried it again, and a better-working lock was never seen.

"How much is your bill?" asked the customer.

"Forty dollars."

"All right. That is perfectly satisfactory, on one condition. Does any one in the place know your business here?"

"No one."

"Very good. Get out by the next train and keep mum. I'd rather pay a hundred dollars than have any of my friends know that I sent to Boston for a man to pick the dirt out of my key."

A SHIN-SAVING SCHEME.

The Original Plan Discovered by a Washington Woman.

The man who says that women have not originality not only speaks untruth, but deceives himself, says the Washington Post. Every one has had occasion to go through a room in the dark on more or less frequent nightly occasions, when looking the back door had been forgotten or the pitcher of ice-water omitted from the nightly preparations for slumber, and every one knows how each individual piece of furniture in each dark room traversed, including the piano's sharp corners and the rocking-chair's twin projections, is collided with. And all these hard knocks are sustained by the stretch of bone from the knee to the ankle that is commonly called the "shin," and is particularly sensitive because it has no layer of muscle, merely a coat of sensitive skin to protect it. When open doors are run against the nose suffers. Now, there is a young Mrs. D——, whose blue-eyed baby is a year and a half old, and not infrequently does Mrs. D—— have to get up of a night, go down-stairs to the refrigerator, and get milk for baby. She does not say how often or how seriously she was hurt before her genius suggested the brilliant plan which she now has for avoiding these petty nocturnal injuries, but she really is proud of her plan for getting unscathed through a room in the dark, and has imparted it to her lady neighbors. It is too clever an idea to be lost, and its great merit is in its simplicity. The scheme is merely to walk backward. In the dark one can see as well going backward as forward, of course. The lower limbs are, when going backward, well protected from slight raps by the more or less liberal pad of muscle at the calf, and heels are less sensitive than the toes. And if one is to run into a door the blow can be better borne on the back of the head than on the face. Mrs. D. is a genius.

A Sort of Sixth Sense.

A species of sixth sense has been observed in some deaf people—that of the appreciation of vibration. In one case described, a woman who was so deaf that she could hear slightly with only one ear was able to perceive a light blow on a table, or a footstep. She described the effect by saying, not that she could hear the blow, but that she could feel it. In another case of a woman who was entirely deaf, her attention could be arrested instantly by a slight blow on the floor or a table, so slight that bystanders would not notice it. This faculty is explained by the efforts of nature to supply a compensation for a lost faculty.

CHRONICLE-UNION

BRIDGEPORT, JANUARY 3. 1891.

Entered at the Bridgeport Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

County Official Press.

SAN FRANCISCO AGENTS.

JOHN F. UHLHORN, Manager of the Central & Northern California Press Association, No. 306 Bush, corner of Montgomery street.
G. H. KELLOGG, 330 Pine street.

FATAL ACCIDENT.

At about 3 o'clock last Friday afternoon a most shocking accident happened at the mill of the Candelaria Water and Milling Company in Candelaria, by which Arthur McQuade, a youth of 18 years, met with a sudden and awful death. It seems that young McQuade was employed to run the ore car from the ore bin to the rock breaker, and that it was necessary for him to pass over a trestle work about eight feet above the roof of the dust floor. In some manner he lost his footing and fell; he struck the roof and passed right through it and into the hot pulp. Dr. Counsellor examined the body and testified at the inquest that death was caused by the neck being broken, so that the unfortunate boy did not suffer from the burning pulp. The body was taken to Bodie last Sunday by the grief-stricken parents, and the funeral took place on Monday. The verdict of the Coroner's jury is as follows:

We, the jury impaneled to inquire into the cause of the death of Arthur McQuade, deceased, find that he was a native of Virgina City, Nevada, aged 18 years, and that he came to his death by accidentally falling from the trestle into the dust floor of the Candelaria Water Works and Milling Company's Mill, at Candelaria, December 26, 1890.

Young McQuade was well known in Hawthorne. He was formerly in the employ of Jas. Compston as a herder. He was a quiet industrious boy, and a general favorite.—Hawthorne, Nev. Bulletin.

The young man drove the stage between Bodie and Bridgeport for awhile and made many friends here, who deeply sympathise with the parents.

"WEST BY SOUTH."—Under this title the Southern Pacific Company has issued a Souvenir of the "Sunset Route," and it is a most beautiful specimen of the "Art Typographical." It is profusely illustrated with full page and smaller views of scenery on the "Sunset Route to California," and of the numerous publications sent out by the principal railroads of the country, this is the finest we have seen. Its illustrations, many tinted, are of the highest merit, and the letter-press is fine and gives valuable information incident to railroad travel, and points, to enable one to journey over this well-known and popular route, both with pleasure and profit. This handsome work is a good present to send to Eastern friends. Send 25 cents in postage stamps to the Passenger Department of Southern Pacific, San Francisco, and a copy will be sent to any address. Thanks to the Department for the copy sent to this office.

POOR ENCOURAGEMENT.—Our Inyo neighbors are going the wrong way to work to encourage settlers to make homes in Owens Valley. People, particularly Eastern, are not likely to settle where they are told the Indians are likely to prove troublesome. Residents on this side of the mountains know that there is no danger of trouble from the Piutes, who are civilized enough to know better than to have trouble with the whites. The petition to the Governor for arms to arm the people of Owens Valley is a poor advertisement to boom Inyo county.

San Francisco, Sacramento, Stockton—in fact, nearly every city and town on the other side of the mountains, are overrun by burglars and thieves of every description. This is not to be wondered at, as Governor Waterman is emptying Folsom and San Quentin of hordes of scoundrels. It is time this power was taken from the Governr and placed in a Board of Pardons.

The Indians in the Northwest have commenced fighting, at the Pine Ridge Agency, and are getting what they deserve. Hundreds have been killed by our troops, who have also lost Capt. Wallace and a number of valuable officers and men. There should be no peace until the last Indian is killed.

Walter M. Leman, the veteran actor, died on Wednesday, at San Francisco, aged 80 years. He had been a resident of California about 39 years.

Senator Hearst is seriously ill in Washington, and there are but slight hopes of his recovery.

The President has appointed Henry B. Brown, of Michigan, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, vice Miller, deceased.

A Willows man has a telephone from his home to his store, and uses 3 miles of wire fencing.

General F. E. Spinner, ex-Treasurer of the United States, died at Jacksonville Fla., on Thursday.

The Legislature meets at Sacramento on Monday next.

Superior Judge Arick, of Kern county, died this week.

SCHOOL STATISTICS.

We are indebted to Superintendent of Public Instruction Hoitt for a copy of the Fourthteenth Biennial Report, from which we glean the following statistics:

Increase of census children in the State during the past two years, 10,382.

Increase in the average number belonging to the public schools, 15,714.

Increase of daily attendance, 14,362.

Number of school houses, 3,121—an increase of 381. Of the total, 115 are of brick.

Increase of teachers, 496.

Graduates from Normal Schools, 328.

Increase of volumes in the libraries, 77,050.

Increase of visits by County Superintendents, 831.

Increase of teachers attending Institutes, 631.

Increase of visits by Trustees, 3,930.

Increase of visits by parents and friends —32,116.

Increase in value of school property—$3,060,363.

Total value of school property, $13,627,143.

Apportionment, 1889, $2,531,880.

Apportionment, 1890, $2,635,716 10.

This is a fine exhibit which reflects credit upon the office of Superintendent Hoitt.

THE PRESS.—Attention is called to the advertisement of the Press—the leading Republican journal of New York City. We commend it to our readers.

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(NEW YORK)

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LEGAL.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

IN SUPERIOR COURT, IN AND FOR THE County of Mono, State of California.

M. J. CODY, Plaintiff,
vs.
A. E. Bean, F. R. Brown, Finley Cameron Donald L. McKinnon, Harvey Boone, James McCallum, G. Sherman, D. McDonald, A. McDonald, W. R. Burns, Thomas Williams, E. H. Davidson, Alice May Schuman, Administratrix of the Estate of Charles A. Schuman, deceased, Horace Warner, and James H. Sturgeon, Defendants.

Under and by Virtue of an Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Mono, State of California, on the Third day of December, 1890, in the above entitled action, wherein M. J. Cody, the above named Plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree against A. E. Bean, F. R. Brown, Defendants, on the 3d day of December, 1890, and against Defendant James H. Sturgeon, for costs, to be taxed jointly with said Defendants, A. E. Bean and F. R. Brown, which said decree was, on the Fourth day of December, 1890, recorded in Judgment Book B, of said Court, at page 279.

I am commanded to sell

All of that certain mining claim known a Rattlesnake Mine, situated in Mono Diggings Jordan Mining District, Mono County, State of California. Also, that certain Mining Claim known as the Rattlesnake Extension Mine, said Rattlesnake Extension Mining Claim being an extension of the said Rattlesnake Mine on the south.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments, and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Public Notice is hereby given, that on SATURDAY, the THIRD DAY of JANUARY, A. D. 1891,

at Twelve o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Court House in Bridgeport, Mono county, California; I will, in obedience to said Order of Sale, and Decree of Foreclosure, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the Plaintiff's judgment, with interest thereon, and costs, to the highest and best bidder for gold coin of the United States.

M. J. CODY, Sheriff.
Bridgeport, Mono Co., Cal., December 6, 1890.
d6-td

MONEY Beginners earn from $25 to $50 per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment, and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes, all ages. We start you. No risk. Can work in spare time, or all the time. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

An Eminent Surgeon's Advice.

Dr. John Hunter, the eminent surgeon, adopted a rule which may be recommended to all. When a friend asked him how he had been able to accomplish so much in the way of study and discovery in his busy life, he answered "My rule is deliberately to consider, before I commence, whether the work I practicable. If it be not practicable, do not attempt it. If it be practicable I can accomplish it if I give sufficient pains to it; and, having begun, I never stop until the thing is done. To this rule I owe all my success in life."

A Premium on Marriage.

The Senate of Carson has lately passed a measure embodying the taxation of bachelors on the ground that they enjoy peculiar privileges for which they make no return. Fathers of families, say the Senate, support children and promote the "moral perfection of society." All bachelors must therefore be taxed according to their incomes and the revenue thus derived shall promote the introducing of other people's children into Venesuela. Should such a law pass the American Senate a bachelor would soon be a "rara avis."

MEDICAL.

Weak Women:

owe to themselves a duty to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, in view of the great relief it has given those who suffer from ailments peculiar to the sex. By purifying the blood, regulating important organs, strengthening the nerves, and toning the whole system, it restores the debilitated to health.

A Case in Point.

"For 15 years my mother has been troubled with milk leg. She went to different parts of California, as persons said the climate might help her, but it was of no avail, and I, being a druggist, thought I would get her to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before she had taken half a bottle she said she was improving, so she continued until she took half a dozen bottles, and now she is perfectly well. For nearly fifteen years she was unable to walk around, but now she can walk as well as ever." T. F. BLAKE, San Francisco, with J. F. Richards & Co., Wholesale Druggists.

Like a New Creature.

"I have been for years trying to get help for that terrible general debility and weakness so common to women. Within a year I have taken six or twelve bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and am now feeling like a new creature." MRS. F. O. ROSS, Marlin, Texas.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by druggists. Six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

HELP WANTED.

An industrious, intelligent and energetic man or woman willing to work, can secure profitable employment by applying now for the local agency for this township for that wonderful book,

LITERARY INDUSTRIES

BY

H. H. BANCROFT,

THE FAMOUS AUTHOR.

What is it? Read the great daily papers everywhere for an answer. It is

A VERITABLE SURPRISE

to the book world. A treasure house of brilliant literary jewels. A grand galaxy of wit and wisdom. A graphic record of

TRAVEL, INCIDENT & ADVENTURE

The life story of a man who, beginning at the bottom round of the ladder, has, by determined industry, overcome every obstacle and reached the top.

AN IMMENSE SALE

assured, for all classes are deeply interested in this powerful work; and the price the world over has been fixed at a phenomenally low figure.

ONE MASSIVE VOLUME

Over 800 pages, bound in Crimson Silk Cloth, gilt edges, with costly cover design. Every copy accompanied with a fine full page steel plate portrait of the distinguished author and 14 exquisite half-tone illustrations, 5¾x9 inches in size.

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In every country, and in every town, county and State in the Union. The hit of the century. Address

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$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment, at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It's NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THE

CHRONICLE-UNION

IS THE

PIONEER JOURNAL

OF THE EASTERN SLOPE OF THE

SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS,

IN CALIFORNIA.

ADVERTISE

IN THE

CHRONICLE-UNION.

MEDICAL.



Copyright, 1888.

AN OLD MAID'S SOLILOQUY.

"To take or not to take it, is the question—
Whether it is better to end this earthly career
A spinster—scaring the smiles of those who would insist
That lack of lovers caused my lonely state,—
Or take the remedies my sisters take.
And see my eyes grow bright as sloe? I bathed
In the immortal fount De Leon sought
In vain in Florida's peaceful shades.
I oft have heard my married sisters say
That good old Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription
Would bring back color to a faded cheek—
Restore the health of one who fain would die
To rid here.lf of all the pills she feels."

The aforesaid spinster took the remedy—and forthwith took a husband also, having regained her health and blooming beauty.

Thousands of women owe their fresh, blooming countenances to the restorative effects of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhœa, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb.

Dr. PIERCE'S PELLETS

regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels. They are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. One a Dose. Sold by druggists. 25 cents a vial.

LEGAL.

Final Proof.

LAND OFFICE AT INDEPENDENCE, CAL., November 20, 1890.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Mono County, at Bridgeport, California, on

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1891,

viz: J. C. MURPHEY, H. E. No. 443 for the S W¼ of N W ¼, N ½ of S W ¼ and N W ¼ of S E ¼ Sec. 25, Tp. 4 N., R. 25 E., M. D. M

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

P. Anderson, A. J. Severe, D. M. Walters and J. A. Schell, all of Bridgeport, Mono County California.

n29-td C. W. CRAIG, Register.

PROPOSALS

for the maintenance of the indigent Sick and Poor of Mono County.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN accordance with the following resolution adopted by the Board of Supervisors of Mono County, on the 12th day of November, 1890:

On motion of Creaser, seconded by Bump: It is ordered that the Clerk of the Board advertise for sealed proposals for the maintenance of the indigent sick and poor of this county. Bids to be received up to the first Monday in January, 1891; said bids to be addressed to the Clerk of the Board of Supervisors, and indorsed "Bids for the maintenance of indigent sick and poor." The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Sealed bids for the maintenance and care of the indigent sick and poor of Mono county, will be received at the County Clerk's office until Monday, January 5th, 1891, said bids to be addressed to the Clerk of the Board of Supervisors, and indorsed, "Bid for the maintenance of indigent sick and poor." The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

O. H. KISTER, Clerk
n29-td of the Board of Supervisors.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NOTICE
TO
TAX PAYERS.

THE TAX PAYERS OF MONO COUNTY, California, are hereby notified that the Assessment Roll of Mono County, California, has been delivered to me by the Auditor, and that State and County Taxes for the year 1890 are now due and payable, and will become delinquent on the 20th day of December, 1890, at 6 o'clock, P. M., and unless paid prior thereto five per cent. will be added to the amount hereof, and the law in regard to the collection of taxes will be strictly enforced in compliance with the statutes.

From this date I will be at my office. In the Court House, in the Town of Bridgeport, Mono County, California, where payment of taxes must be made.

☞ A change in the law passed by the last Legislature makes the State and County taxes payable only at the office of the Tax Collector.

Dated this 30th day of October, 1890.

M. J. CODY,
n1 Sheriff and Tax Collector of Mono Co.

HOMER E OSBORN.

GENERAL BROKER IN

Merchandise, Fire, Life and

Accident Insurance,

510 California Street.

SAN FRANCISCO.



$20000.00 a year is being made by John E. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages, in any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, HONORABLY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, GEORGE STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Quick Time and Cheap Fares
To Eastern and European Cities,
VIA the Great Trans-continental all-rail Routes
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Southern Pacific Company.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Daily Express Trains make prompt connections with the several Railway lines in the East,
AND AT
NEW YORK and NEW ORLEANS
With the several Steamer Lines to
ALL EUROPEAN PORTS.

Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars
—AND—
TOURIST SLEEPING CARS
attached to Overland Express Trains.

☞ Tickets sold, Sleeping-Car Berths secured and proper information given upon application at the Company's Offices, where passengers calling in person can secure choice of routes, etc.

Orders Sold at Lowest Rates for tickets for passage from Europe and Eastern Cities to any point in the Pacific States and Territories. These Orders, if not used, will be redeemed at the full amount paid therefor.

RICH'D GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

RAILROAD LANDS

For Lands in Central and Northern California, Oregon, Nevada and Utah, apply to or address W. H. MILLS, Land Agent, C. P. R. R. SAN FRANCISCO.

For Lands in Southern California, apply to or address JEROME MADDEN, Land Agent, S. P. R. R SAN FRANCISCO.

EASTWALKER RIVER TOLL ROAD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of tolls on the

EAST WALKER RIVER WAGON ROAD are as follows:

Buggy team	$1 50
Loaded wagon and two animals	1 00
Each additional pair of animals	50
Horseman	25
Pack animals, each	25
Hogs and sheep, each	5
Loose stock, each	5

Empty teams, half-price.

BIG MEADOWS AND BODIE TOLL ROAD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of tolls on the

BIG MEADOWS AND BODIE WAGON ROAD are as follows:

No deadheads will be permitted to pass on the road.

All tolls will be required to be paid at the time of passing the toll gates, as no credit is given

Buggy team	$1 50
Loaded wagon and two animals	1 00
Each additional pair of animals	50
Horseman	25
Pack Animals, each	25
Hogs and sheep, each	5
Loose stock, each	5

Empty teams half-price.

SEWING MACHINES.



THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,
Pacific Department—Distributing Office,
725 Market Street, History Building,
SAN FRANCISCO.

TYPE METAL

For Sale at

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THREE DOLLARS A YEAR.

A CLEAN FAMILY JOURNAL.

THE LEADING PAPER

OF

MONO COUNTY.

HOTELS.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL,

Main street,

BODIE.....CAL.

N. W. BOYD,.....Proprietor

THE ABOVE HOTEL WILL BE conducted as first-class in all its Departments.

The Table Cannot Be Excelled.

THE ROOMS ARE FIRST-CLASS, Being Heated and Kept Scrupulously Clean.

Very Best Attention, as well as the Best Accomodations.

HOT SPRINGS HOTEL,

SAMUEL FALES.....Proprietor

JUNCTION OF THE ANTELOPE AND SONORA WAGON ROADS,

(65 miles from Sonora and 30 from Bodie),

MONO COUNTY, CAL.

This well-known and popular Summer Resort is pleasantly situated on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains amid wild and picturesque scenery, which offers superior inducements for tourists. The best of accommodations for families, the rooms being large and airy. For invalids the

STEAM, MUD AND SWIMMING BATHS

The best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars at the Bar.

Good Fishing in Walker River.

Commodious Stabling. my23-tf

BARNETT'S HOTEL,

COLEVILLE, MONO COUNTY, CAL.,

telope Wagon Road, 50 miles from Carson City And 51 from Bodie).

D. M. BARNETT.....Proprietor

The hotel is new, commodious, and pleasantly situatedsuppli

The table is supplied with the best the market affords.

The BAR is supplied with the best of Wines Liquors and Cigars.

Stabling and Blacksmith shop connected with the house. 5-tf

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

R. S. MINER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Bridgeport, Mono County, Cal

Will practice in all the Courts of California and Nevada. Mining litigation will receive special attention. jel4-tf

W. H. VIRDEN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

BRIDGEPORT, MONO CO., CAL.

Will practice in all the Courts of the States of California and Nevada.

Land, Mining, and Water Rights, a specialty.

OFFICE—Opposite the Leavitt House. my31

W. O. PARKER, BRIDGEPORT, CAL. P. W. BENNETT, STOCKTON, CAL.

BENNETT & PARKER,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA. jel3-tf

FRANK P. WILLARD,

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BODIE, MONO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

☞ Water Rights, Land and Mining Litigation a specialty. d7-3m

CHARLES L. HAYES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

AND

DISTRICT ATTORNEY,

BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

OFFICE—Court House. ap25-tf

MISCELLANEOUS.

PIONEER SALOON,

CORNER OF COURT HOUSE BLOCK AND MAIN STREET,

BRIDGEPORT.

☞ Refitted and furnished with the BEST of everything required in a First-Class Saloon

au2-tf F. M. RICHARDSON.

BRIDGEPORT SALOON.

CORNER OF MAIN AND SINCLAIR STREETS BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

☞ This SALOON has been refitted, and is stocked with he BEST of WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS:

And will be conducted first-class.

s21-tf B. L. SIMMONS, Proprietor

Pasture.

D. M. & H. F. BARNETT ARE PREPARED to Feed and Shelter Stock during the Winter, at their Ranch in Antelope Valley, at reasonable rates. The hay is clear of "Foxtail," and consists of a mixture of wild grass and alfalfa. For further particulars, Address,

s27-tf D. M. & H. F. BARNETT.

EVERYBODY

READS THE

CHRONICLE-UNION—$3 PER YEAR.

CHRONICLE-UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, JANUARY 3, 1891.

County Official Press.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

A. R. Barnside, of Bodie, has been in town all the week, sleighing the dear.

James Sturgeon returned to his Mono Lake home yesterday.

A. L. Butterfield, of Lundy, started for home yesterday.

R. S. Miner has gone to Independence.

Mrs. J. Beck, of Bodie, spent the holidays with friends in Bridgeport.

Homer F. Barnett and M. J. Carney returned to their Antelope homes yesterday, having spent the week here profitably and pleasantly.

District Attorney-elect H. M. Eddy and bride are expected to arrive from San Francisco to-day.

Judge J. E. Goodall has returned from Sweetwater.

THE LEE TRIAL.—The trial of John P. Lee, for the murder of W. H. Keinborts at Bodie on the 9th of November, commenced in the Superior Court, before Judge Hakes, on Monday. Of the 50 jurymen summoned, several were excused for sundry reasons. The examination of jurymen was conducted with greater license than usual in murder trials, and the last juryman was sworn in at 3 P. M., after which a short recess was ordered, after which the taking of testimony was proceeded with before the following jurors: A. H. Allen, J. F. Crowell, L. Murphey, L. Butterfield, J. H. Sturgeon, J. A. Schell, G. B. Day, M. J. Carney, H. F. Barnett, C. M. Stewart, M. M. Waltze, and A. Goens. After District Attorney C. L. Hayes had opened the case for the prosecution and stated to the jury what he proposed proving, he called to the stand Geo. Delury, keeper of the Temple Saloon, in which the shooting took place. The witness occupied the stand the balance of the afternoon session, and most of the time during the evening session. On Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock the prosecution rested, whereupon W. O. Parker, for the defense, moved the Court, without putting in any evidence, that the jury be advised to render a verdict of "acquittal," on the ground that no venue had been shown. It was so ordered and the jury retired, but returned into Court in about twenty minutes, and asked to have the trial proceed. This result was a veritable "surprise" to the Court and attorneys. Judge Hakes ordered Mr. Parker to proceed with the defense. The defense closed about 3 o'clock that afternoon, and an adjournment was ordered till 9 o'clock Wednesday morning to give the attorneys time to prepare their arguments.

On Wednesday morning District Attorney Hayes commenced his argument for the people. His address was brief, but it covered all the points of the case, and was delivered in a dignified and impressive manner, quite foreign to the general conduct of the case. E. Fitzgerald followed for the defense, and W. O. Parker closed for the prisoner, and made a strong plea on the score of self-defense. District Attorney Hayes closed for the people with a few well-timed remarks, which were delivered amid frequent interruptions, and at half-past eleven the Court adjourned till 12:30, at which time Judge Hakes charged the jury, which retired at about 1:15. During the arguments and reading of the charge, Mrs. Keinborts, mother of the defendant, and widow of the murdered man, sat behind Lee, her little family being around her. At about 8:20 the jury ordered Deputy Sheriff Tinkum to summon the Court, and at a few minutes before nine o'clock Court convened and the jury, through its foreman, J. F. Crowell, reported that a verdict could not be reached. After polling the jury as to the probability of coming to an agreement, Judge Hakes thanked and discharged the jury. Mr. Parker asked that defendant be admitted to bail on his own recognizance, but the Court denied the motion and set the hearing for his release on bail for ten o'clock yesterday morning, at which time Judge Hakes fixed the bail at $2,000, and set the new trial for February 5th, and ordered a venire of 80 jurors to be drawn on January 6th. And thus closed one of the most remarkably conducted criminal trials ever held in this county. The proceedings were reported by Official Reporter Alf. Chartz, of the Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise, who will find his notes amusing reading when he cannot get away to the circus.

IN LUCK.—The Hawthorne Bulletin received a "roaster," dressed and ready for the oven, as a Christmas present. It is in better luck than we have been in getting a sight of the young "rooster"—not rooster—promised us by one of Antelope's Hardy Democrats if Cleveland was defeated for President. If he is waiting for Cleveland to be elected, we might as well give up all hopes of ever receiving the youthful porker.

BOUGHT.—County Treasurer Brown has bought the brick residence and furniture of Judge Hakes on upper Main street, and will remodel it, and build an addition as soon as the Judge vacates.

W. O. PARKER made a good fight for Lee, and District Attorney Hayes, who has had but little experience in criminal cases, exceeded the most sanguine expectations of his friends in conducting the prosecution.

CHRISTMAS IN ANTELOPE VALLEY.

EDS. CHRONICLE-UNION.—

Will you please allow us sufficient space in your columns to give expression to the pleasant times we are having in this lovely little valley?

North Antelope.

The children of North Antelope School District had their Christmas Tree and festivities on Christmas Eve, at the school house. To say that the house was crowded, would not express the idea at all—it was jammed plumb-full, and many were obliged to stand on the outside and look through the windows. The tree was beautifully decorated, not only with presents, but tip of every limb grew golden walnuts, while the heavier branches bore magnificent oranges. Oxshoes and horseshoes of gold gleamed everywhere from amid the dark green leaves of the tree, and the entire tree was fancyfully decorated with festoons of snowflakes, at least that is what your correspondent thought, until some one told him it was popcorn. After a short program of dialogues, music and recitations, the presents were distributed, and thousands of hearts, I was going to say, but I will claim scores, were made supremely happy. Every one in the house received a cornucopia filled with candy and nuts—the generous donation of the gentlemen of the district. As soon as the presents were distributed, the floor was cleared and the little ones were soon engaged in games and dancing, and they stontly maintained their right to the floor until ten o'clock, when they gave way to the older ones, who kept the dance going until the "wee sma' hours." About twelve o'clock an excellent supper, prepared by the ladies of the district, was set before the dancers, and from the quick way that supper was disposed of, was sufficient evidence that it was appreciated. So endeth the first chapter.

Antelope.

The teacher and pupils of Antelope School District gave an entertainment to their many friends on Wednesday afternoon, the 24th, at the schoolhouse. The room was darkened, and artificial lights were used with great effect in the tableaux vivants, statuary, etc. The program consisted further of recitations, singing, dialogues, etc., etc. After the program had been rendered, the presents from the heavily loaded tree were distributed. The presents were almost wholly the handiwork of the pupils, and would have been a credit to grown-ups. The perfection which marked both the elocutionary and the manual training, reflects great credit to their teacher, Miss Addie Marsh.

Very respectfully yours.

OBSERVER.

COUNTY OFFICERS.—On and after Monday next the following will be the Officials of Mono county:

Superior Judge	Wm. H. Virden
Sheriff and Tax Collector	M. J. Cody.
County Clerk, Auditor and Recorder	John D. Murphey.
Treasurer	Joseph A. Brown
District Attorney	H. M. Eddy.
Superintendent of Schools	Cornelia Richards.
Supervisor, First District	William Calnan.
Supervisor, Second District	William Stewart.
Supervisor, Third District	Watkin Morgan.
Supervisor, Fourth District	N. B. Hunewill.
Supervisor, Fifth District	Henry A. Pitts.

SICK LIST.—Superior Judge-elect W. H. Virden, Sheriff M. J. Cody and Tax Collector M. P. Hays have been on the sick list this week. Cody and Hays are again on deck, and Judge Virden expects to be able to call the Superior Court Calendar on Monday next. Paulus Mattly, of Mono Lake, is very sick, and not expected to live many days. Len. Hamilton, who has been suffering from a cancer, had his leg amputated a few days ago in Smith Valley.

THANKS.—Our County officers have our heartfelt thanks for the courteous manner in which all connected with this office have been treated during their terms. Our relations have been most pleasant with all, and we sincerely hope that the retiring officers will find business ventures that will prove more profitable and pleasant than the holding of a public office can possibly be.

THROUGH a kind invitation of Judge Leavitt, all attached to the CHRONICLE-UNION office enjoyed a fine New England turkey dinner and a pleasant evening at the Leavitt House on New Year's Day. Thanks.

FRANK DOTAN'S big team arrived from Bodie on New Year's Day with a heavy load of lumber for the Sinnamon ranch, where cattle sheds will be erected.

Of course, the children will be delighted to hear the ringing notes of the School House bell on Monday morning next.

WILL MEET.—The Board of Supervisors will meet in regular session on Monday next.

A four-inch snow-fall on Monday night insures us good sleighing for a month to come—unless a "January thaw" sets in.

New Year's Day was quietly observed in town. Flags were hoisted, and all the young folks enjoyed sleigh riding.

Bridgeporters danced the Old Year out and the New Year in at Bryant's Hall.

To-morrow the sleigh bells will jingle merrily from morn till night.

TAXES.—Tax Collector Cody has collected taxes to the amount of $18,000.

Who desires finer weather than this?

IMPROVED BUILDING MATERIAL

WHITE pine boards are now made by reducing small trees and limbs to pulp and pressing in molds.

A NEW process is reported which densifies soft wood and renders it hard and workable, with all the properties of good lignum vitæ. The wood is soaked in oil, put under heavy pressure, and then allowed to stand for some months, when it has become dry.

FOR building material, brick is considered the best, and most durable, and resists fire the longest. Iron warps, and granite and brown-stone crack. These facts are very well understood now by builders; consequently most of the large buildings are being constructed of brick.

SOMETHING new in the way of brick-making has sprung up at St. Joseph, Mich., where the sand of the beach by a chemical process is being turned into brick. They are represented to be superior to pressed brick, and large quantities are being put into fine residences and the fronts of business blocks.

WOOD-STONE is the name of a new compound material composed of sawdust and calcined magnesia. The mixture, having been well worked up with water, is put into molds and pressed into whatever shape may be desired. A scientific authority says it is incombustible and impermeable to water, is susceptible of a fine polish, and is adaptable to numerous uses.

A CERTAIN Babayeff of St. Petersburg has invented a fire-proof cement, which is said to excel all hitherto invented in that line. A company to rear fire-proof buildings with this cement has been formed, and some fire insurance companies have pledged themselves to insure such buildings at a premium of no more than ten per cent. of the rate charged on ordinary buildings. Wood boxes filled with this cement between the boards are said to answer all the purposes of ordinary safes.

A NEW white pitch for ship builders is coming into use, and which, it appears, supersedes the usual laborious, expensive, and inadequate method of treating docks by working putty into the seams with a knife. The peculiarity of this white pitch is, as claimed, that it is the only material yet introduced of a white color that can be run into dock seams in a hot state like ordinary pitch. The material is especially suitable for hot climates, as it will stand the sun's heat instead of melting out of the seams.

SIMPLE SENSIBLE REMEDIES.

THE pure juice of the pineapple is said to be a cure for diphtheria.

DRIED mullen leaves smoked in a clay pipe that has not been used for tobacco are excellent for a cough, as is also sage used in the same way, but mullen is good for all troubles of throat and lungs.

A GOOD gargle for sore throat is the following: One wineglassful vinegar, two tablespoonfuls honey, half tumblerful water. Pour the water on to the honey and stir it up; add the vinegar and use cold.

GOOSE oil rubbed on the throat and chest is an old-time remedy for croup, but after its use the child must be well covered away from draughts, as it is very opening to the pores and the least cold often proves fatal.

A SIMPLE corn plaster which usually gives much relief is obtained by boiling a potato in its skin, then taking a piece of this skin and laying it over the corn, the inner side against it. It should be kept on for twelve hours. This usually eases the pain even of an obstinate corn.

AN excellent remedy for whooping-cough is to pour boiling water on flax seed, steep it some time, strain, and to every pint of tea add enough granulated sugar or honey to make a thick sirup; after boiling them together a few minutes put in the juice of two lemons. It is said a few spoonfuls taken often will soon relieve the cough.

TO GARGLE a sore throat, take of paregoric one teaspoonful, of glycerine two teaspoonfuls, of lime water one tablespoonful. To relieve "tickling" in the throat take the same prescription, without the lime water, but merely sip the mixture, so as to make it hold out a long time. A gargle of hot boiled milk is also good. So is one of clear, hot tea, without either milk or sugar.

A FLANNEL bag filled with hops and saturated with hot vinegar laid over the bowels if one is suffering from dysentery, or over the chest if one has pneumonia, relieves pain. Fill the bag with hops, lay it on a plate with vinegar in it and set it on the stove, cover with another plate. When hot the hops will absorb the vinegar and the bag is ready for use.

RURAL JOTTINGS

LIME is too caustic to be given alone. Mix it with soft feed and supply in this manner.

GOOD stock, good quarters and good care are the three essentials of profitable poultry keeping.

THE secrets of large yields always and everywhere are rich soil, good seed and thorough tillage.

THE herd, however excellent, should never be quite as good as you would like to have it. Set your mark high and keep raising it.

SYSTEMATIC work means regularity and carefulness. Every thing comes in the regular order. There should be a time for each branch of labor.

GIVE a young heifer time to show what there is in her, before getting impatient. A cow does not always show at her best when she has first calved.

TAKE no heed to those who tell you that fruit trees will bear as well without cultivation as with, but remember that cultivation should be given early, and that ill-timed, injudicious cultivation is worse than none.

PROF. LINTNER, of Albany, says the bean weevil may be destroyed by dropping the bean for a quarter of a minute in hot water or by placing them in a tight barrel and setting a saucer of bi-sulphide of carbon on them, then carefully closing the barrel. The gas from the bi-sulphide, being heavy, will descend, permeate the whole mass of beans and destroy insect life.

A PUEBLO CHURCH.

The Acomas and How They Worship the God of the Christians.

Like the people of all the other New Mexican Pueblo tribes, the Acomas have their annual festivals, the origin of which is lost in the mystery of the prehistoric ages. The Catholic priests, writes Clarence Pullen in Harper's Weekly, put all the Christian veneering possible over the essential heathenism of the ceremonials, and under their influence these celebrations occur usually on or near some saint's day. Conspicuous among these jubilations is the harvest festival, when, with games and dances, the people rejoice over the ripening of the fruits of the earth. After the performance of secret rites within the estufas, to which ceremonies no one not a member of the tribe is admitted, the maskers, musicians and others, all decorated in paint, ribbons and brass ornaments, stream forth into the open space before the village, where, with the peculiar stamping step attending all Indian performances of the kind, are continued the processions and dances, to the music of rude fifes, drums and gong-beating. In some of their dances the performers are attired in complete suits of buckskin, adorned with fringes, buttons, beads, feathers and ribbons, completely covering the face and head, surmounted horns, and having only small slits for sight and breathing.

The Pueblos, a provident folk who believe in intrenching themselves with all the supernatural powers, do not neglect on these occasions to visit the church to pay due obeisance to the Christian God and lesser divinities. The church, a fine old structure of adobe, was rebuilt in 1702, after it had been dismantled in the Indian revolt of 1680. It is a massive edifice one hundred and fifty feet long, forty feet wide and forty feet high, with walls seven feet thick, standing, fronted by an extensive and ancient burial ground, on the southern brink of the mesa. The sand for this cemetery was brought up from the foot of the bluff and placed in a depression at this point—an operation which, according to priestly tradition, occupied forty years. The huge buttresses, one at each front corner of the church, are capped above the roof by rude belfries in which swing two bells, which Indian tradition asserts to be the gift of the Queen of Spain at some period in the eighteenth century. One of these bells bears the inscription: "San Pedro, A. D. 1710." It is a wonder how these heavy bells and the great pine beams, forty feet long and of proportionate thickness, that cross the body of the church, were ever brought to the top of the mesa.

Adjoining the church are the ruins of the old Franciscan mission of San Estevan de Acoma, established, says the eminent archæologist and historian Prof. Ad. H. Baudelier, by Fray Juan Ramirez not long after the year 1628, he naming the place after St. Sebastian on account of its rocky sides and the large number of pebbles accumulated on and about it. Fray Ramirez returned to Mexico, and died there in 1604. His successor was Fray Lucas Maldonado, from Tribujona, Mexico, also a Franciscan. In fact, up to the uprising of the Indians of New Mexico under Popo and Catito in 1680, the Franciscan order controlled all the missions among the Pueblos. On August 10, 1680, twenty-one Franciscan friars were murdered in various parts of New Mexico, and among them Fray Maldonado, of Acoma. After the reconquest of the province, twelve years later, by the Spaniards under Diego de Vargas, there were for several years occasional disturbances and bloodshed. But by the beginning of the eighteenth century the province had become tranquillized, and the Pueblo Indians and the Spaniards had adjusted their requirements so as to get along together without a great amount of friction.

It is a strange and picturesque sight when within the thick walls of the old church, dimly lighted by deep windows like port-holes, in which sheets of mica, or *yeso* (transparent gypsum) serve for glass, the Indians, in the same fashion of dress which their ancestors wore when they built fires to the sun in ancient days—some wrapped in Navajo blankets, with broad black and white stripes, and [illegible] diamond figures in the center—pass to and from the altar, with its bright but impressive decorations. The church interior is decorated with two valuable pictures, the "Virgin and Child," and the "St. Joseph," which were brought from Spain more than two hundred years ago. The ceiling is rudely frescoed in representation of the sun, moon and stars, the work, in the beginning of the present century, of an artist priest, whose name is somewhere inscribed beneath the dust that for generations has been settling upon this labor of love and devotion.

Origin of Bird Song.

The origin of bird song is described by an English writer as follows: "Bird song originated in a cry produced by bodily contortion. This cry was developed by use in times of danger. It then became a warning-note that was elaborated into a call-note. This note was repeated by males in varied tone and pitch, and several influences tended to make it a reproduction of surrounding persistent sounds. The call-notes were repeated by the males to the females, and in this manner arbitrary phrases were constructed. Further efforts on the part of the males induced greater variety, which took the form of imitation of other sounds."

An Obliging People.

The Heligolanders accommodate themselves to circumstances with wonderful ease. All told they number two thousand, which would give about five hundred grown-up males. During the Franco-German war they issued a manifesto declaring that they were Germans and that they wished to throw in their lot with their German fellow-countrymen. At present they tell Englishmen who visit them that their affection for England is phenomenal, and when Germans visit them they make the same declaration in regard to the fatherland. Probably they are fond of their island and all other patriotism is a question of bread and cheese.

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A BATTLE FOR LIFE.

The Frightful Experience of a German Aeronaut.

A Thrilling Struggle with Death in the Air—The Balloon Caught by a Whirlwind and Tossed Hither and Thither—A Peasant's Sorry End.

The German aeronaut Wolff recently had a most terrible experience during a trip in a balloon from the grounds of the Cologne Exhibition of the Art of War, says the New York Sun. In company with Peter Schmitz and a manufacturer named Depenheuer he started in the balloon Stollwerk at one o'clock on a cloudy afternoon. The balloon flew one mile almost straight upward into the thick of a storm. Wolff, fearful of the strong winds and hail around him, decided to make a landing as soon as possible.

"There was nothing but woods and woods under us," he said, subsequently. "The balloon descended with violent rapidity. I finally discovered a little clearing on a steep mountain side and prepared to anchor. The balloon descended more slowly, and the people who had observed us hurried together underneath to help us land. I drew the ventilator a little further open and motioned to Schmitz to get out. Depenheuer alighted, and all was well, when suddenly a whirlwind struck us. A terrible jerk sends me on my back in the car. I jump up to find all things swimming down, down below me, and two men clinging helplessly to the edge of the car. I catch the nearest one, a peasant who tried to assist in the landing. Too late! His strength is gone; he lets go, and I hear with horrible distinctness the muffled thud of his body on the ground.

"My heart sickens; but I rally to save my friend Schmitz, who still sticks to the car's side. Already the clouds are sinking beneath us. We are at least two miles above the earth. I try to raise Schmitz into the car but he has sunk so far down from the edge that I can hardly grasp his wrists, and he is too weak to make an effort for himself. Both of us groan our despair, for all seems over. Slowly and painfully I raise him a little, set my teeth in the back of his coat and endeavor to bind him fast with the storm-line. A few moments drag by in hope and despair, and I finally succeed in fastening the rope under his arms and in tying him so to the car. There is no safety in the device, however, for were Schmitz to lose consciousness for an instant his body would relax and he would slip away. I call to him: 'Spread out your arms! Spread out your arms!' I hear his body move in response to my admonition, but his voice is lost to me.

"All this has occupied twenty-five minutes, and we have in the meantime been slipping upward. Every thing now depends on our making a quick landing. I draw open the valve and we begin falling. We plunge into a great storm. The balloon spins around in circles, and aways about like a drunken man. Rain, hail, thunder and lightning sweep over us. The balloon reels so that I must lie on my face to remain in the car.

"'Peter! Peter!' I call to my friend. 'Hold fast! Only hold fast!'

"No response, for he can not hear me. The agitation of the balloon has loosened the rope and he has sagged back again, down the side of the car, so I can see only his finger tips on the edge. I creep to the side of the car, seize his right wrist with my left hand, and with my right hand and teeth I tug at the valve.

"'I can not hold out longer,' comes in a weak voice from Schmitz. 'I am slipping away.'

"'One minute, only a minute more, I cry back, 'and we will be there.'

"The nearer we come to the ground, however, the more violent becomes the oscillation of the balloon. Finally we slip over a house, a barn and drop like a shot to the ground.

"'Let go,' I shouted to Schmitz, 'and jump away from the anchor.'

"He obeys and the balloon, 195 pounds lighter, soars upward. I pull at the valve with all my strength till the anchor catches a small tree. But the tree gives way, and with the rebound the car springs up to the balloon, and for a moment I hang on almost by my teeth. The anchor catches again in a tree. Again a jerk, a crack, a rebound, and I am tossed about like a ball. Once more the anchor catches. I find myself just above the top of a dense old cedar. Head first I dive into the branches and fall from bough to bough till I reach the ground. The anchor rattles near me. Another tree breaks, and the balloon sails off to the northwest.

"I had landed near Clive. In an hour I had the whole neighborhood out looking for Schmitz. He was not to be found. 'Dead,' I thought, as I limped painfully along between two peasants in the direction of the Overath railway station. Presently a group of men and women hurried toward us from a side street. Three of them were half carrying a man. I hastened to them as rapidly as I could, and had Schmitz in my arms.

"To-day my head is dense and weighty. Every bone in my body aches and pulsates. I can not sleep, and I have no peace, since I can get no news of the poor peasant who fell a sacrifice to his willingness to help me."

Sagacious Sparrows.

The little English sparrows in New York have learned a new dodge since electric lights replaced gas in the city parks. When the current is turned off at dawn the bottoms of the globes are filled with thousands of insects which have been attracted by the light and killed. The sparrows come around after the globe has cooled off, slide down the carbons and devour the insects.

A Negro's Monster Head.

Abner Dorsett, a negro living at Hickory Mountain township, North Carolina, has the largest head of any person in the United States so far as heard from. It is thirty-two inches in diameter, and gives Abner a decided "top heavy" appearance.

A HINDOO WEDDING.

Account of a Marriage in High Life at Bombay.

Strange Nuptials of the Brahmins—Queer Jewelry and Ornaments Worn by the Bride—The Mother-in-Law an Important Factor.

An interesting description of a Hindoo wedding, written by Sarah D. Hamlin from Bombay, appears in a recent issue of the San Francisco Bulletin, and from it the following extract is taken:

As it was growing late we felt that we had waited long enough and prepared to proceed brideward. This seemed to be the signal for a new departure, and a procession was again formed. At the bride's house few changes had been made, but a "choree" or marriage hall had been formed by placing at each of the four corners of a square earthenware water vessels, one above the other, and held in position by supports of bamboo. In the center was the sacred fire. Hardly had we arrived when every body took seats as before, though the cashmere-shawled father did not appear, and the bride and groom no longer sat opposite each other, but side by side. The priests performed "fire sacrifice" before them and fastened the boy's scarf to the marriage vail of the girl. The wur mala, or marriage garland, composed of twenty-four strings of red cotton, was hung around their necks, their hands were again joined beneath the dirty scarf, the women sang nuptial hymns in honor of the gods Krishna and Ram, and then commenced a series of new performances in which the "bridegroom's mother-in-law" was the principal actor.

First a great platter of food was brought, which the mother presented to her daughter, who first gave it to her bridegroom, and he then helped her. Red powder was put upon the forehead of both again and again, not only by priest, "bridegroom's mother-in-law," and the little brother, but by numerous female friends. Again and again was the immense platter, resembling a paint-shop with its various powders, brought forth. Hands and feet of bride and groom were rubbed with red powder, which is an emblem of prosperity, anointed with oil and washed with water. Hands were made to touch each other many times, and toes touch toes. We could see that the bride's little brown feet were heavy with toe-rings, whose pendants half-covered the feet, and the plainer toe-rings the mother was constantly removing from one foot to the other. Louder and louder grew the nuptial songs, and one high-voiced woman, the leader of the singers on our side of the "choree," seemed to be firing challenges at the officiating priest, and he to be replying to her in an expostulatory manner. Then the brass bands would begin, play a moment and stop; never by any accident in harmony. As the noise subsided for a time an immense brass platter was brought whereupon rice had been arranged somewhat in the form of the letter X, which is a mystic symbol used in religious ceremonies from a remote period and signifying success and happiness.

Into the angles of the cross red powder was sprinkled by the priest, and surrounding friends began to throw copper coins upon it. They seemed to be tossing for the fortunes of the young couple, one of whom, who seemed so weary and disgusted and half-blinded by the smoke, was repeatedly yawning and looking around, as if to ask if relief would ever come, while he was nearly roasted by the fire, so near which he was obliged to sit. A pan was brought in at this part of the proceedings, in which were two or three kinds of meal. Ghee, or clarified butter, being put upon the flour, the officiating woman, or the "bridegroom's mother-in-law," proceeded to stir it with her hand and to make a kind of dough, of which bridegroom, bride, mother-in-law and priest each took a little and dropped on the fire, which was now burning brightly.

Finally, bride and groom arose, and he, with one arm around her neck, embracing her as though she were a porcupine and he were afraid of the quills, they proceeded around the "choree," guided by the priest and pausing at each of the four columns of earthenware pots, where appropriate signs of worship were made. Singing, gesticulation and powdering followed, and, as they sat again, the sacred betel-leaf was given to each, and they placed it upon the fire. Four times they made the circumambulation, and were told that if by any chance this was done only three times, it was no real marriage.

On the fourth return bride and groom, now husband and wife, exchanged their seats, and then came congratulations. Almost all the female friends came forward and put silver rupees in the bride's hand, and, stepping behind her, embraced her from behind. We were told that this was the end.

A Yankee Samaritan.

There was a good samaritan on a train from Newport to Bangor the other day, and the Fairfield (Me.) Journal thus tells of his journey: "When he got on the car a double seat there was occupied by a tired woman and four hot, tired, dirty, squabbling children. Did the newcomer, after a short remark about the nuisance of children traveling, put his feet on the seat in front and bury himself in a newspaper? Not he. As soon as he saw the party he folded up his paper, put it away, tucked his baggage in the smallest possible capacity and enticed the tired and dirty bits of humanity over to his side of the car, getting some one just ahead of him to give up a seat, so as to accommodate all four of them. Soon he had the quartette eating wafers and laughing at his stories while the tired mother got a nap."

It Makes a Difference.

Clara—How do you like my friend?

Fanny—He is a horrid creature. Is he married?

"No, he is not married."

"How happy is the lot of the woman who did not get him for a husband."

SOME CURIOUS FACTS.

The Origin of Amber, Crystal and Pearls Explained by an Expert.

"Amber is curious stuff," said a collector of curios to a Washington Star reporter the other day. "It is only comparatively recently that its nature has been known, and even at this day very few people seem to have any notion as to what it is in reality. The ancients regarded it as altogether mysterious and even magical. They found that it was rendered electrical by friction so as to attract light substances, and our word 'electricity' comes from the Greek name for amber, which was 'electron.' A favorite puzzle with them was how the insects so frequently found in amber came to be so situated. Not as a modern poet has phrased it:

—that the thing was either rich or rare,
But how the devil did it get there?

"I have myself seen a chunk of very transparent amber in which a small lizard with five legs was encased, looking as if it might have been alive yesterday, though, doubtless, it had been dead for thousands of years. The mystery regarding this sort of phenomenon is easily enough explained when it is understood that amber is actually the fossil gum of an extinct kind of cone-bearing tree. In the process of hardening it imprisoned the flies and other creatures preserved in the chunks of it that are found to-day. It is discovered plentifully by digging in certain parts of the great plains of North Germany, where the strange tree once flourished. It is also found in considerable quantities along the shores of the Baltic, in the yellow sandstone. At Palmicken, in East Prussia, it is dug in regular mines; elsewhere it is picked from cliffs, and a good deal of it is gathered in the shape of nodules cast up by the waves. The finest specimen of amber in Europe is a cup made of that material, now at the Brighton Museum, England. It was found at Hove some years ago, together with weapons and utensils of stone and bronze, so it is evidently very ancient indeed. In the fourteenth century, and before amber was made into knives and forks with one prong, which were used by princes and church dignitaries, it was more valuable than gold then. Now it is worth from $2 to $50 a pound, according to its quality. The most important use made of it is for meerschaum and other pipes. Meerschaum, by the way, is a material dug out of the earth in Turkey; it comes in boxes holding fifty pounds, and valued at from $20 to $300. The dust and chips obtained from it in the process of manufacture are worked into pipes, this material being called 'imitation meerschaum.' Amber dust is melted, and the product is what is sold as 'amberine.'"

"What a very beautiful sphere of crystal this is!" said the newspaper man, taking in his hand a cool globe that looked like a huge dewdrop, which the collector handed him for examination.

"Yes, that is a pretty specimen. I suppose you are aware of the theory entertained by the ancients regarding such rock crystal. They thought it was actually ice frozen to great density by duration of time, congealed beyond liquidation. 'Krystallos' in Greek means 'ice.' The famous writer on natural philosophy, Pliny, who wrote more facts that were not true than ever any man collected together before or since, says the crystal is undoubtedly water frozen by cold so intense that nothing can melt it again. Roman ladies of that time were accustomed to carry such spheres as this one in their hands during hot weather for coolness. It was the thing also to have the material worked into wine jugs and other vessels. Nero had two drinking cups of crystal worth $3,000 each, and a crystal ladle also; but when he learned that he had lost his kingdom he broke them, lest they fall into the hands of any one else. A crystal lens was employed in Rome to kindle the sacred vestal fire. Great care was taken not to put the crystal ware in a warm place for fear that it would melt. The most remarkable discovery of crystal on record was made in 1867 above the Tiefen glacier by a party of tourists, a single cave in the granite yielding 1,000 crystals of from 50 to 100 pounds weight."

"And what is this?"

"That," replied the collector, "is a diminutive Chinese god, covered with a coat of pearl by a real pearl oyster. On such parts of the coast of the Flowery Kingdom as produce pearl oysters a regular business is often made of manufacturing pearls artificially by introducing into the shells of the live oysters foreign objects of various kinds. You doubtless know that the pearl is a morbid symptom in the bivalve. A grain of sand or some such substance getting into the oyster produces irritation and the animal protects itself by covering the objectionable particle with coating after coating of its own pearly secretion. The interruption of light by the successive coats of which the pearl is formed in this way gives it its beautiful luster. Taking advantage of this habit of the pearl oyster the ingenious Chinaman pries it gently open and puts in whatever he likes, may be a little figure of a god like this. The oyster goes to work and covers it with pearl, until after a few months the idol is a pearl idol."

England's Prize Twins.

At Bristol, Eng., are two young artisans who are the prize twins of the world. They are of the same height and weight; have eyes, hair and complexion of the same color; walk, speak, laugh and sing exactly alike; follow the same occupation, have the same religious persuasions and likes and dislikes; are both married, and have the same number of children, who are of the same sexes—three boys and three girls each.

Waiting Maids in Livery.

English ladies are adopting the fashion of putting their maids who wait at table in livery. The skirts of these livery gowns are plain and of the heraldic color of the house. All the plaits are thrown behind. Then the waistcoat and jacket are trimmed with livery bands, buttons and crests or monograms in metal. A high stiff white collar, white cuffs and a tiny cap like a top-knot complete this livery.

UNINVITED VISITORS.

It Is to Be Hoped That All of Them Will Read This Article.

It seems as if measures ought to be taken to put an end to promiscuous visiting; in regard to which there is evidently no difference of opinion, writes a correspondent of the Country Gentleman. In these days of incompetent servants and anxious home keepers, even the dearest friends can not feel quite sure of a cordial welcome. But when a horde of unlavited guests precipitate themselves with colossal effrontery upon a quiet, and perhaps frugal family, it becomes a most exasperating and intolerable nuisance. It is worse, if possible, than taking boarders, because visitors expect to be entertained—and liberally entertained—in many cases.

One of the most hospitable of hospitable Westerners said that he gave up his home and endured a boarding-house, because he was "tired of keeping a hotel." Another gentleman declared that he would put a small-pox notice on his house if it would keep away undesired visitors. And one lady wrote to some friends urging them pathetically to visit her, because now she would like to have some one in her house "whose society she could enjoy." A Western man, traveling with his wife and niece, thought it would be very fine to visit the Governor of a certain Eastern State. He never had seen any member of the family, but a niece of his had married one of his sons. He drove up to the house, and had his trunks deposited before the door. The Governor's wife, however, was a woman of dignity and determination, and the Western travelers did not see the inside of that stately mansion. They departed with trunks unpacked, and also with a good deal of wondering astonishment.

Of course, this cruelly destroys the beautiful halo surrounding the hospitable home with open doors ever ready for the entrance of "angels unawares." But when good Robert Collyer naively declares that he does not wish to "monopolize those angels," sinners surely may be pardoned if they, too, rebel.

Supposing each person should put this notice on his house—"No uninvited visitors received"—would even that be effectual?

THE TWO YOUNGSTERS.

A Tale Illustrating the Value of Truthfulness in the Long Run.

James and John were playmates and each twelve years old, says the Detroit Free Press. Their parents dwelt side by side, and so the two boys were much together. They "played horse" with the same hoe-handle, liked the same brand of pumpkin pie, and were pretty nearly one in all things. The one great exception was the fact that James would lie like a candidate for alderman, while John would tell the truth if it barked his shins. James often guyed him for this foolishness, but to no effect. He kept right on telling the truth and getting three lickings to any other boy's one.

One day when these two boys were going over to Mrs. Scott's to borrow her quilting frames and a drawing of tea they met a stranger, who looked at them intently, and finally asked:

"Boys, did you find a purse of gold on the road?"

"No, thir," promptly replied James the liar.

"Yith, thir," as promptly replied John the truthful, at the same time handing it out.

They had found such a purse, but, being a little absent-minded, I had forgotten to mention the fact.

"Ah, ha!" cried the stranger, "but I dropped it to test you! The proof is clear! Presto!—fizzledum!—change!"

And a great black cat leaped out of a thicket and bore the liar away for cat meat, while the stranger took from his pocket a golden rule and handed it to John with the remark:

"Now run along, sonny, and every thing you touch shall turn to gold. Remember that, while the liar may prosper and grow fat for a time, the truthful hyena will come out on top in the long run."

While this is also a true story, I have concealed the true names of the principal characters in it, but they can be had by sending your address with a stamp to pay return postage.

The Lobster's Queer Coat.

The shell of the crab and lobster owes its bluish-gray color to the superposition of two pigments or coloring matters, which have been isolated—a red pigment and a blue one. As long as these two pigments exist simultaneously the crustaceans remain gray. But the blue pigment is fugitive, and sometimes, under the influences of a disease, it is destroyed, and crabs are found with portions of their shell more or less reddish. When the crustaceans are immersed in boiling water the blue pigment is entirely destroyed, and the red pigment, which is very stable, appears alone in all its brilliancy.

A Monster Rose Bush.

The trunk of a rose bush which is now in full bloom in Ventura, Cal., is 3 feet in circumference at the ground; the first branch, which is thrown out at a height of about four feet from the ground, is 21 inches in circumference. Wagon-loads of vines (it is of the climbing variety) are clipped from it annually, yet it covers an area of 1,200 square feet. It was planted in 1876. Within another fourteen years, if nothing happens to it, it will have outstripped the gigantic rose tree at Cologne, which has had over three hundred years to grow in.

He Got Things Mixed Up.

A theological student, who was accompanied by his professor to a country-place where the former was to preach, prevailed upon the professor to make the opening prayer. Arising to make the announcement, he amazed the congregation by saying: "Professor Smith will now lead us in a petition of the faculty of the H—— Seminary to the throne of grace of which I have the honor to be a student. After accompanying him, your humble servant will attempt to preach the Word whose shoes he is not worthy to unloose."

CARE OF THE HANDS.

Little Things That Will Keep Them in Good Condition.

Probably there is no one thing that makes girls shrink from house-work more than the effect it has on the hands, especially in cold weather, says Health. It is a real trial to sit down to the piano and spread a stained, rough hand on the ivory keys; or to take one's pen in an unsightly hand to answer a letter; or to pick up a bit of embroidery, if it is only that on perforated hose, and use the needle when every thing that touches the hands sticks to them because of their roughness. Sewing on woolen or silk is at such times a severe penance. There are methods of preserving the hands measurably against the destructive effect of dish-washing, scrubbing and the like. They should be kept as much out of the water as possible, and when the work is done they should be washed clean and rubbed dry. Borax water is good for washing the hands. Coarsely ground oat-meal is a fair substitute for soap in washing the hands. White unscented soaps are the best, as the highly scented soaps are usually made of rancid fats. A solution of oxalic acid will remove fruit stains from the hands, but it must not touch an abraded surface. After washing and drying the hands thoroughly, glycerine and spirits of camphor in equal parts mixed together is good to rub over them. Cocoanut oil is a pleasant application. Wearing kid gloves two sizes too large is helpful in preserving the hands. One should have an old pair of gloves to take up ashes in, to sweep in and to wear in all dirty work that permits the wearing of gloves. If gloves are dipped in not very hot linseed oil they become waterproof, and may be worn while washing dishes. A pair of canton flannel mittens is pleasant to wear when hanging out the clothes on a cold morning. Frequent rubbing of the hands will promote circulation and keep the skin in good condition. To take the best care of the nails, soak the ends of the fingers in hot water for some time, until the skin is softened, then dry, and with a pair of nail scissors thin off all the dead skin about the nails and trim the nails neatly.

WOMAN'S HAPPIEST HOUR.

Love Has More to Do with It Than Any Thing Else.

I have had it suggested to me by a friend staying in the house at this time, writes "The Duchess" in the Ladies' Home Journal, that the happiest moment in a woman's life is when, having brought the man of her heart to the point of proposing, she makes him wait a minute or two for her answer. To know and feel his anxiety—to understand that the anxiety is all caused through love of her—this would constitute a bliss not to be rivaled, a bliss the sweeter for being so short-lived, and because of the fact that it can never occur again. But this strikes me as being a little feline in its nature, just a trifle cruel.

For myself, I should think there would be keener joy in that moment when a woman is able to say "Yes" to the most important question of her life, and to give herself freely and gladly to the one she loves.

I think, however, the question a difficult one to answer. There are so many different natures, that what would be extreme happiness to one woman might be only mild delight to another.

Some women, for example, have the maternal instinct more strongly developed than others, and for them the vocal cry of their first-born must cause an uplifting of the heart that no other feeling on earth could outdo. All in that supreme moment is forgotten!

The ambitious woman must find her best hour when she has attained the summit of her hopes, and victory crowns her with its laurel wreath.

To the woman standing over the sick bed that contains the one being dearest to her on earth, can there be an hour more rife with thankful happiness than when the doctor declares that there is hope? O, magic word! Hope that the adored one will be given back to her from the very jaws of death!

And yet, after all, I think Love, "that great master" as he has been justly called, has more to do with a woman's sweetest hour than any thing else on earth. To love, and to feel one's self beloved—that is, indeed, to know the best of life.

FROM STANLEY'S MAIL.

Curious Requests, Only a Very Few of Which Were Honored.

Edward Marston in his article in Scribner's gives the following selections from Mr. Stanley's mail: An enthusiast hailing from America asks for Mr. Stanley's old cap:

Right glad am I that you are once more in a civilized country. I have carefully watched your proceedings from the time you discovered Livingstone. You are a brick! Now, if you are inclined to sell the cap you wore through Africa I am prepared to give you a fancy price for it to add to my collection of curiosities; it shall be preserved in a glass case with your name on same.

A firm of tobacconists makes the following cool request:

Will you kindly accord us your gracious permission to append your noble name, and your photograph (might we ask for your autograph) to a first-class quality of cigar and cigarette, made by ourselves from the best and finest tobacco, etc.?

A photographer writes:

Sir: Pray excuse the liberty taken by a stranger in approaching you at a time when your hands and mind must be so full, but since, to satisfy the demands of an admiring public, some one must claim the proud position of performing the task I covet, that of executing a portrait, etc.

A poetical soldier in Cairo says:

I humbly beg you will kindly accept the inclosed few simple lines from a soldier. I am no poet, but have expressed myself as well as possible, etc.

Mr. S. replied kindly to this, and has made the Cairo soldier very proud.

The following letter is from an old acquaintance of the Pocock days:

Dear Sir: Please excuse me for the liberty I have taken in writing to you, but in knowing you, an' taking a very great interest in your travels, I congratulate you on your safe return, hoping you may long live to enjoy your health and happiness for your labours. I have always taken great interest in your travels ever since we met at Zanzibar. * * * I ham the man that don your boat when the Pocock Brothers was with you and I should like a few lines from you, as I should like them put in our papers here, etc.

AN IMMENSE "SCOOP."

A Telegraph Messenger's Reminiscence of the Lincoln Assassination.

"The assassination of Lincoln," read Henry N. Garland passenger agent of the Wabash, as he spread out a copy of a newspaper dated April 15, 1865, which contained an account of the murder of the President.

"I remember that event most vividly," said Mr. Garland, to a Chicago Journal reporter, "and it is imprinted on my memory through a part I played the next morning in connection with it. I was a boy living in Oswego, N. Y., at that time and was a messenger boy for what was known as the 'United States Branch Telegraph Company.' It was a Canadian line and we were fighting the Western Union for all we were worth. In Oswego the Western Union office and our office was separated only by a partition. The rivalry and jealousy was bitter, and messenger boys followed the example of our superiors in working up business. Whenever we'd delivered a message we'd ask for an answer, and if the fellow would say there was none we'd wait until he read the message and then ask him if he was sure there was nothing to go back.

"It was my business to open the office in the mornings, and the day after Lincoln was shot I was down at the office at 7:30 getting ready for the day's work. There were no night offices then and no one in Oswego had heard of the assassination. As I opened the door I heard the instrument ticking our office call. I was just learning then and knew nothing beyond the office call, O. S., and the alphabet, which I could figure out. I wondered why the thing was going so early and let it go for awhile. The call was kept up for so long I became convinced that it was something big. We used the old wheels and all the paper in those days, something like a bucket-shop ticker, and I walked over to the instrument two or three times, undecided what to do. There would be no one around for an hour or two and at last I went to the key and broke in with 'i i,' the signal that all was ready for the message and turned on the wheel. The instant I did so my hair began to raise as the thing went off like an engine, as the operator at the end, believing the regular man was on, began to send in a big message. I was frightened half to death, and hardly knew what to do. The blamed ticker kept a going through, and after I had pranced around the office awhile it began giving the office call again. I surmised what the operator wanted this time and I gave him 'O. K.' and signed. This was all he wanted, and he let me alone. I took the strip of paper and pencil and sat down to figure out the message. It was pretty cold, but I was wet with perspiration and so nervous I could hardly hold the pencil in my fingers.

"I finally managed to find out what it meant. Abe Lincoln was shot, and our office had got it first. I rushed out to the door and saw that the Western Union had no bulletin out and then I began to work. I got a big sheet of paper and with plenty of ink managed to fix up a bulletin that drew a crowd. About 9:30 the manager came rushing in and asked me what I meant. I told him what I had done and he nearly had a fit. It was a great scoop on the Western Union and a big 'ad' for our company and the boss predicted that I would be the biggest operator and telegraph man in the country—but I guess I let down too soon."

ANDY JOHNSON'S TOAST.

George Keeble, a Barber, Talks About Mr. Lincoln's Successor.

History is not altogether written in books nor carried in the minds of savants. The sources of historical information are varied.

For instance, says the Indianapolis News, one may get an idea of the character of President Andy Johnson from a talk with his barber, who happens to live in this city, and is none other than George L. Keeble, one of the proprietors of the Young Men's Christian Association barber-shop.

"I might have been the first free colored man to be married in the White House," said George, "but I was not willing to wait until we could go from Nashville to Washington. It happened in this way:

"My wife was Mrs. Johnson's maid. She waited on the front door of the Johnson mansion and was very affectionately treated by the family.

"When Governor Johnson went to Washington, knowing that I was waiting on Mrs. Johnson's maid, we were asked to go along and be married at the capital.

"The circumstances of my courting were unusual. One day I was walking past the Governor's house when I saw a Captain of the army, well known in Nashville, walk up to Mr. Johnson, who was in the yard, and begin to use abusive language.

"Among other things I remember he called Johnson a 'traitor.' Johnson fired up in an instant.

"His right hand and arm were paralyzed. With his left he struck out quickly and tumbled the Captain down upon the grass. After that guards were placed about the premises with instructions to exclude all persons not having passes.

"This interfered somewhat with the other young fellows who were, like myself, paying attention to Mrs. Johnson's maid. But it helped me.

"The maid at the front door told the guards to admit me, and by the time the Governor was ready to go to Washington I had prosecuted my courtship to a successful result."

"How did Mr. Johnson conduct himself towards the colored people?"

"He was free and easy with us. For instance, he would come down to my barber-shop of a morning, and about the first remark would be: 'Well, George, do you know where I can find a good mint julep?'

"I generally knew where to find one, and he would always invite me over to try the liquor with him. In drinking he would generally propose a toast, and this was the most common one: 'God bless the white folks and the Lord save the niggers.'"